

CORRESPONDENCE.

786 LAFAYETTE AVE., BROOKLYN, N. Y., May 21, 1889.

George Francis Train is generally known as a crank when he is not considered a lunatic, but mad or eccentric, the children adore him. There is probably not a man on the face of the earth to-day who has so many friends among the little ones. Mothers trust him implicitly, and are always pleased to have their brood under his wing. He is sane and wise enough to tell the proper stories, and is most judicious in his management, and can compel instant obedience from the most fractious and wilful. The picnic which Mr. Train gave the children last Saturday was a most enjoyable affair. It took two horse cars to transport the party to Central Park. The children were of assorted sizes, all the way from tiny tots to ten year olds. Notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Train has not tasted food for twenty days, he was as bright and cheery and apparently as strong as ever.

James D. Fish is once more a free man. He reached his Brooklyn home last Saturday evening. His daughter, who has been so faithful in her love, and so unremitting in her attentions, made everything pleasant for the journey from Auburn, and protected him at every point. Mr. Fish has many influential friends, and a few of the most intimate ones were on hand to welcome him. A prominent banker told me the other day that he was "more sinned against than sinning," and that if the old man could be induced to tell what he really knew of the doings of Ferdinand Ward & Co. that the budget would astonish the world. "But," said he, "I do not believe the rack itself would extort this information. A squarer man than Fish in every relation of life I never knew, until his unfortunate connection with Ward."

Mrs. Francis Hodgson Burnett is credited with saying that "if she had known the penalties of fame, she would never have written a line." Mrs. Burnett's letter to the *Critic*, while very bright and very keen, and not lacking in logic, had better never have seen light. If she had kept it a week to think over, it probably never would have. She rushed into print under the smart inflicted by a lot of papas, who were not worth noticing, and whose reports would not have made a lasting impression upon any one. But Mrs. Burnett's scolding contradictions just clinched the foolish impression in many a mind. The woman who can do such work as Mrs. Burnett has done, ought to be so far above the foolish gossip of the crowd as never to hear it.

Mr. Eli Wheeler Wilcox made the same mistake in replying to Miss Atherton, and now the latter lady seems to find justification for her unkind and unwomanly paragraphs because of the publicity given to this correspondence by Mrs. Wilcox. She allowed these miserable letters to be published. This was probably an act of good nature on her part towards Mr. Bok, who wanted something spicy for his readers. But it was an indiscretion all the same, and considered in the light of subsequent events, a very stupid one.

I am told that there is serious talk of a great temperance demonstration in Brooklyn this coming fall. It will last for a week, and this "Third City of the Union" certainly needs it, for although the "City of Churches" and homes, it is also the city of drunkenness. Dr. Talmage's Tabernacle and the Academy of Music are reported to be the places where this great reform movement is to be inaugurated. The leading ministers and priests and temperance orators from the principal cities of this country and England, are to be invited to take part in the effort to save this beautiful city from the domain of rum caused by the gang element in local politics. The Sunday Law is a farce! Drunken men are seen in all parts of the city emerging from the side doors of liquor saloons, and the policemen across the street are instructed by "the heelers" to whom he owes his place not to see them. In this movement the Catholics and Protestants are to unite, and endeavor to bring about a radical change in the administration of public affairs.

Miss Grace E. Dodge, one of the members of the New York Board of Education, is, I suppose, very masculine woman in appearance, a corselet writer, and adds, "please tell me all about her."

My friend could not have made a greater mistake. Miss Dodge is essentially feminine in manner, voice and appearance. She is tall, well developed, with the proper waist for her height, and the proper feet for her weight. Her complexion, hair and eyes are light. She has a strong mouth filled with splendid teeth, and when she smiles—which is most of the time—her face is radiant. She dresses plainly and sensibly, and though she is reported to be worth four millions, she calls herself a working woman, and is on the best of terms with all her poor and industrious sisters. When Miss Dodge appears on the stage to address the various organizations of working women, it gives one a new and satisfactory sensation to observe the delight on the girls' faces. They have tried their friend and have not found her wanting. She gives of her means, her sympathy, her advice. She is a woman among women, and labors as hard as any of them. She knows them by name, and visits them in their clubs and their homes if necessary. As a member of the New York Board of Education Miss Dodge is also a success. —ELEANOR KIRK.

pears on the stage to address the various organizations of working women, it gives one a new and satisfactory sensation to observe the delight on the girls' faces. They have tried their friend and have not found her wanting. She gives of her means, her sympathy, her advice. She is a woman among women, and labors as hard as any of them. She knows them by name, and visits them in their clubs and their homes if necessary. As a member of the New York Board of Education Miss Dodge is also a success. —ELEANOR KIRK.

TWO MEN LOST IN AN AFRICAN UNDERGROUND LABYRINTH.

Lost in Total Darkness in a Counterpart of the Residence of Haggard's "She"—The Mysterious Black River—Saved by a Faithful Newfoundland Dog.

The city of Pretoria, capital of the Transvaal, South Africa, is located in a most beautiful spot. It stands in a valley between two ranges of mountains clothed with rich, dark verdure all the year round.

Vine-clad with ripe grapes, monthly roses, and lilies forming a blaze of bloom amidst the flood of sunshiny shimmering like golden water. Under these mountain ranges are vast caverns, only a few of which have been entered, and these only partly explored.

These caves are the original Haggard's of Amashaga, in which the wonderful "She" dwelt and ruled. Right under this mountain is the "Black River," a violent stream which is the residence of little animals liable to "huck" every time it is mounted.

The owner of the hounds supplies each boy with blankets, saddle, bridle and lasso, but as soon as they have money enough, then comes the time for the wagons.

The wagons are pulled by horses, and a strong kind of oxen, and drivers, all of which have no eyes. This species of aquatic animals having been bred in and inhabited this dark Stygian stream for thousands of years, have never had any use for eyes, and yet, many generations of men have entirely disengaged themselves from their structure.

INTO THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH.

Some friends of mine, two ladies and three gentlemen, went on an exploring expedition through this cavern, got lost in its maze and were three days before they found their way back to the outer world. Mr. Saunders, of the American consulate at Cape May, thus relates their experience while in the bowels of the earth:

Mr. J. H. Leroy, of the Northern Pacific railway of the United States of America; Mr. John C. Gosselink, of the Standard Oil Company; and Miss Gosselink and myself started to explore the Fountain cave. Armed with two lamps and provisions enough for two meals, we started.

We got through the entrance which is very narrow and dark, finding our way by the light of the lamps which constantly kept flying in our faces. Pursuing our way for a considerable time, we came to a spot where the roof of the cavern, hitherto lofty, slanted down, gradually becoming lower and lower until we were unable to go further.

Finally we came to where the floor was on an incline plane and got more head room. We then descended a steep hill, at the foot of which was a dead wall which completely barred further progress in that direction.

On the right hand a narrow passage presented itself wide enough to permit of walking Indian file. The air, hitherto cool and bracing, became damp and a cold clammy dew settled on our faces.

To the sides of the passageway which to the touch produced a shivery sense of abhorrence. We began to wish ourselves well out of the undertaking. However, being in there was nothing for it but to go on.

We walked on till this passage a distance, I should say of three hundred yards, when we arrived at an octagonal court, from which ran eight different passages, the four main ones being about a width of fifty feet, and the four narrow ones about four feet each.

Under our feet could be heard a sound as of the rushing of a river and the violent breaking of waves upon rocks. We could perceive no mode of escape, and the ground under our feet seemed solid.

Being weary, and the ladies somewhat faint, we resolved to go back, altogether disappointed with the result of our exploration. After, however, being satisfied that we had sought and, fortified by a few draughts of cape sherry, felt our spirits rise, and curiously as to the cause of the sound under our feet getting the better of our judgment we began searching for a way to descend, and finally found a place where there were stone steps at irregular intervals.

AN UNPLEASANT SITUATION.

Silence and desolation, leaving Leroy and the ladies above. We followed these steps for about fifty feet. The descent was very difficult. The light of the lantern grew faint. However, we arrived on a broad platform.

The sound of the water had by this time increased to that of a roaring torrent, and on our left we saw the black, ink-like rushing past. We sounded and found the river deep and rapid.

As we were passing along the banks the air became heavier still, and the lamp, which had been burning more feebly, went out altogether. Breathing became very difficult, owing to the absence of oxygen.

This dreary place, and in total darkness, we were soon at a loss to try to find the way, by which to get out, for how could we expect to weary us down and led into a torpid, heavy sleep. How long we remained in this state I do not know.

Awakening, with a great effort we resolved to go back, altogether disappointed with the result of our exploration. After, however, being satisfied that we had sought and, fortified by a few draughts of cape sherry, felt our spirits rise, and curiously as to the cause of the sound under our feet getting the better of our judgment we began searching for a way to descend, and finally found a place where there were stone steps at irregular intervals.

AN UNPLEASANT SITUATION.

Silence and desolation, leaving Leroy and the ladies above. We followed these steps for about fifty feet. The descent was very difficult. The light of the lantern grew faint.

However, we arrived on a broad platform.

The sound of the water had by this time increased to that of a roaring torrent, and on our left we saw the black, ink-like rushing past. We sounded and found the river deep and rapid.

As we were passing along the banks the air became heavier still, and the lamp, which had been burning more feebly, went out altogether. Breathing became very difficult, owing to the absence of oxygen.

This dreary place, and in total darkness, we were soon at a loss to try to find the way, by which to get out, for how could we expect to weary us down and led into a torpid, heavy sleep. How long we remained in this state I do not know.

Awakening, with a great effort we resolved to go back, altogether disappointed with the result of our exploration. After, however, being satisfied that we had sought and, fortified by a few draughts of cape sherry, felt our spirits rise, and curiously as to the cause of the sound under our feet getting the better of our judgment we began searching for a way to descend, and finally found a place where there were stone steps at irregular intervals.

AN UNPLEASANT SITUATION.

Silence and desolation, leaving Leroy and the ladies above. We followed these steps for about fifty feet. The descent was very difficult. The light of the lantern grew faint.

However, we arrived on a broad platform.

The sound of the water had by this time increased to that of a roaring torrent, and on our left we saw the black, ink-like rushing past. We sounded and found the river deep and rapid.

As we were passing along the banks the air became heavier still, and the lamp, which had been burning more feebly, went out altogether. Breathing became very difficult, owing to the absence of oxygen.

This dreary place, and in total darkness, we were soon at a loss to try to find the way, by which to get out, for how could we expect to weary us down and led into a torpid, heavy sleep. How long we remained in this state I do not know.

Awakening, with a great effort we resolved to go back, altogether disappointed with the result of our exploration. After, however, being satisfied that we had sought and, fortified by a few draughts of cape sherry, felt our spirits rise, and curiously as to the cause of the sound under our feet getting the better of our judgment we began searching for a way to descend, and finally found a place where there were stone steps at irregular intervals.

AN UNPLEASANT SITUATION.

Silence and desolation, leaving Leroy and the ladies above. We followed these steps for about fifty feet. The descent was very difficult. The light of the lantern grew faint.

However, we arrived on a broad platform.

The sound of the water had by this time increased to that of a roaring torrent, and on our left we saw the black, ink-like rushing past. We sounded and found the river deep and rapid.

As we were passing along the banks the air became heavier still, and the lamp, which had been burning more feebly, went out altogether. Breathing became very difficult, owing to the absence of oxygen.

This dreary place, and in total darkness, we were soon at a loss to try to find the way, by which to get out, for how could we expect to weary us down and led into a torpid, heavy sleep. How long we remained in this state I do not know.

Awakening, with a great effort we resolved to go back, altogether disappointed with the result of our exploration. After, however, being satisfied that we had sought and, fortified by a few draughts of cape sherry, felt our spirits rise, and curiously as to the cause of the sound under our feet getting the better of our judgment we began searching for a way to descend, and finally found a place where there were stone steps at irregular intervals.

YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN.

A HALF HOUR'S ENTERTAINMENT FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A FEW FACTS ABOUT THAT MOST PICTURESQUE CHARACTER IN AMERICAN FRONTIER LIFE, THE COWBOY—IMPORTANT ARTICLES IN A COWBOY'S OUTFIT.

THE GREAT CATTLE RANGES ARE BEING SLOWLY BUT SLOWLY FENCED IN AND COVERED BY HOME-OWNERS, AND THE COWBOY IS LOSING HIS OCCUPATION. BEFORE THE TIME OF THE GOLD RUSH, AND ABOUT THE TIME OF THE GREAT DISAPPEARANCE FROM THE FORESTS, WE WILL ENDEAVOR TO LIGHTEN OUR YOUNG READERS ABOUT THE REAL LIFE OF A COWBOY, GIVING THE FOLLOWING ITEMS GLEANED FROM GOLDEN DAYS:

IN TOTAL DARKNESS IN A COUNTERPART OF THE RESIDENCE OF HAGGARD'S "SHE"—THE MYSTERIOUS BLACK RIVER—SAVED BY A FAITHFUL NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

THE CITY OF PRETORIA, CAPITAL OF THE TRANSVAAL, SOUTH AFRICA, IS LOCATED IN A MOST BEAUTIFUL SPOT. IT STANDS IN A VALLEY BETWEEN TWO RANGES OF MOUNTAINS, CLOTHED WITH RICH, DARK VERDURE ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

VINE-CLAD WITH RIPENED GRAPES, MONTHLY ROSES, AND LILIES FORMING A BLAZE OF BLOOM AMONGST THE GOLDEN WATER. UNDER THESE MOUNTAIN RANGES ARE VAST CAVERNS, ONLY A FEW OF WHICH HAVE BEEN ENTERED, AND THESE ONLY PARTLY EXPLORERED.

THESE CAVERNS ARE THE ORIGINAL HAGGARD'S OF AMASHAGA, IN WHICH THE WONDROUS "SHE" DWELT AND RULED. RIGHT UNDER THIS MOUNTAIN IS THE "BLACK RIVER," A VIOLENT STREAM WHICH IS THE RESIDENCE OF LITTLE ANIMALS LIABLE TO "HUCK" EVERY TIME IT IS MOUNTED.

THE OWNER OF THE HOUNDS SUPPLIES EACH BOY WITH BLANKETS, SADDLE, BRIDLE AND LASSO, BUT AS SOON AS THEY HAVE MONEY ENOUGH, THEN COMES THE TIME FOR THE WAGONS.

THE WAGONS ARE PULLLED BY HORSES, AND A STRONG KIND OF OXEN, WHICH HAVE NO EYES.

THIS SPECIES OF AQUATIC ANIMALS HAVING BEEN BREED IN AND INHABITED THIS DARK STYGINIAN STREAM FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS, HAVE NEVER HAD ANY USE FOR EYES, AND YET, MANY GENERATIONS OF MEN HAVE ENTIRELY DISENGAGED THEMSELVES FROM THEIR STRUCTURE.

INTO THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH.

THE FAMOUS COFFEE HOUSE IN THE STATE.

THE NEWARK BEE HIVE.

THE LARGEST FANCY GOODS HOUSE IN THE STATE.

THE BEE HIVE.

THE LARGEST FANCY GOODS HOUSE IN THE STATE.

LADIES' CHILDS' BOYS'.

THE BEE HIVE.

THE BEE HIVE.